National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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THE 95TH NEW YORK.

Sketch of Its Service in the Campaigns of 1862.

SECOND BULL RUN.

The Union Army Defeated but Not Demoralized.

AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

The Part Taken by the 95th in that Engagement.

BY EDWARD L. BARNES, ADJ'T, 95TH N. Y.

The 95th N. Y., of which organization I was First Lieutenant and Adjutant, was recruited at the "Red House," New York city, its organization being begun in September or October, 1861. It was originally intended to form a part of the expedition under Maj.-Gen. Burnside, but from the slowness of its recruitment its ranks were not full enough when that expedition set sail. In order to hasten the organization, it and another fragment of a regiment recruiting along the banks of the Hudson River, at Haverstraw, Sing Sing, and other points, were merged, Geo. H. Biddle becoming Colonel; J. R. Post, Lieutenant-Colonel; Edward Pye, Major; myself, Adjutant, and J. J. Chambers, Quartermaster.

In the early Spring of 1862 the regiment was ordered to Washington, whence, in April, it moved to Acquia Creek, Va. This point was within the department then under the command of Maj.-Gen. McDowell, commandant of the First Corps, and we thus became engrafted therein. Col. Biddle commanded the post at Acquia Creek, and I acted as Post Adjutant, the regiment being in the immediate charge of Lieut.-Col. Post, with First Lieut. F. H. Cowdry acting Adjutant. We were brigaded sometime in May with the 56th Pa. and 76th N. Y., as the Second Brigade, under the command of Brig.-Gen. Abner Doubleday, and became a part of the First Division, under Maj.-Gen. Rufus King. The other brigades forming this division were the First, Brig.-Gen. Hatch; Third, Brig.-Gen. Patrick, and Fourth, Brig.-Gen. Gibbon.

Our brigade was employed for several months in the reconstruction of the railroad from Acquia Creek to Falmouth, on the Rappahannock River opposite Fredericksburg, which, together with the bridges over the creeks and the river, had been destroyed by the enemy when evacuating this vicinity. This duty was performed with many a grumble, which did not, however, interfere with its being well done. We found excellent quarters at Acquia Creek in the way of large and substantial log cabins, which had evidently been occupied by the enemy during the Winter of 1861; and that they did not burn or destroy them was evidence that they did not consider their departure permanent. Possibly their leave-taking from that vicinity was too hurried to admit of their destroying all improvements, and they had sufficient time only to destroy that which would most benefit us. We were not sorry that such excellent accommodations had been left us.

During our stay at this point Gen. Shields's Division was for a few days in June encamped near Falmouth, having

EEEN ON A TRAMP

with other troops after Gen. Jackson. Resting here a few days, it again set out on the same errand, and had an encounter with Jackson's forces at Port Royal. The 9th N. Y. S. M. (afterward the 83d N. Y.), as a member of which I first entered the service, May 27, 1861, was a part of this division, and I had the pleasure of meeting my old comrades for a short time—a pleasure I had but once again during my service, for although connected with the same corps, the different divisions to which we belonged did not again camp in the same vicinity, except for a short time at or near Upton's Hill.

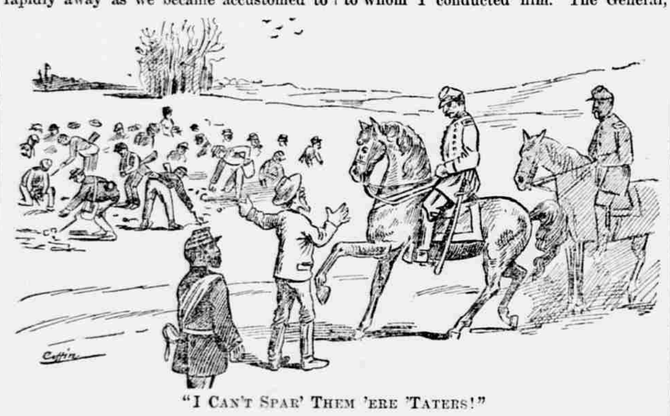
We were relieved from duty at Acquia Creek late in July by the arrival of Gen. Burnside's troops, and encamped near Falmouth. Early in August the welcome orders were received which put our division en-route to join the balance of the corps, the main portion of which was then nearer in toward Washington, interspersed between the Army of Northern Virginia and the Capital, quieting the fear that constantly dwelt with the civil authorities, of an invasion and capture of that city—a fear that was detrimental to the success of our army in many battles, and prolonged the war many months. Gen. Pope, but lately placed in command of the Army of Virginia, was collecting his scattered forces for an advance, with "Headquarters in the saddle," and an extensive and unlimited Quartermaster and Commissary department—this being the enemy's country through which we passed. This idea found most practical demonstration later in the war by Gen. Sherman. Gen. Stonewall Jackson, with his usual energy and daring, was in the Shenandoah Valley and elsewhere, having met and worsted Shields's Division, proved too much for Fremont, and discomfited a part of McDowell's forces during June and July. Gen. Lee was but awaiting the loosening of Gen. McClellan's grip to break from around Richmond and join Jackson in an advance toward Washington, and perhaps make a northern invasion—two attempts at which he subsequently made with disastrous results to the Confederate cause.

We surmised that our orders were to join our corps. We were but a few days en-route when news reached us of the battle fought at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, between Banks's forces and those of Stonewall Jackson. We proceeded by forced march to aid Banks to gain a victory, or, in the event of his defeat, to assist in preventing the enemy's triumph from being more decisive. We arrived near the battlefield only in time to aid Gen. Sigel in defending the rear of Banks's retreating forces and those of Gen. Ricketts's Division, which participated in the battle during the latter part of the day. Our aid, however, was mainly a moral support, Gen. Sigel being fully equal to the occasion. He doggedly

HELD THE VICTORS IN CHECK,

punishing them severely when they too rashly advanced in their endeavor to gain more than a barren victory.

We recrossed to the north side of the Rappahannock at Rappahannock Station, where we were stationed on a range of hills, supporting the artillery posted to guard the various fords. Here we remained several days, witnessing the daily artillery duels between our forces and the enemy posted on the opposite side of the river. This was the "baptism of fire" so far as the 95th N. Y. was concerned, and I believe the balance of the brigade had not seen any more of actual warfare. Some nervousness was doubtless felt when the first few shells came screaming over us, exploding in mid-air or on reaching the ground in our rear, and when the first solid shot whizzed over our heads and buried themselves in the ground, or cut the limbs from the trees and proved otherwise destructive to the timber in the rear of us. No signs of such feeling, however, was evidenced by the conduct or appearance of the men. If such feeling existed it passed rapidly away as we became accustomed to



"I CAN'T SPAR' THEM 'ERE 'TATERS!"

the sounds and saw so few resulting casualties. We found amusement and pastime by watching the effects of the fire from our batteries and in guessing from the sound the kind of projectile by which the enemy returned our solid compliments.

On the second or third day we were somewhat startled and puzzled by the change in the tune of the flying missiles. It was a horrible, screeching sound, a combination of the hurtling of spherical shot, the hoarse roar of the solid shot, and the screaming whistle of the shells. We gazed at each other in wonderment, and the query was frequently heard:

"What the devil are they sending after us now?"

An investigation developed the fact that from lack of legitimate ammunition, or from some other cause, the enemy were treating us to a supply of iron rails cut in lengths of from 12 to 16 inches. We were well protected by the sloping side of the hills from any missiles except shells, so that the railroad track thus sent us in sections was not utilized as a medium of travel to the other world.

An incident occurred on the second day of the cannonading that had a good and lasting effect on our brigade, giving the men confidence in the coolness, courage and skill of their commanding officer. To the south and west of our position the enemy had posted a battery, which was partially concealed by a large haystack. This battery had finally obtained our range, and was sending its missiles rather too close to be pleasant or comfortable. Our battery had engaged this battery, and neither as yet, so far as we knew, had done the other any material damage, although the strife was begun at early dawn and continued at intervals during each day.

Early on the morning referred to this battery opened first. Gen. Doubleday was seated on the crown of the hill near one of the guns of our battery, with some of his staff and a few other officers near him, among the latter being the writer, when a puff of smoke from one of the guns of this Confederate battery gave notice that we might expect soon something more solid. It came in the shape of a percussion shell, which passed over one of our guns, and not more than two feet above it, exploding as it struck the ground, about 100 yards in our rear. The General quickly and coolly adjusted his fieldglass, and after studying through it a few minutes the position of the rebel battery, coolly ordered one of our guns to be loaded with a fuse shell. The length of the fuse having been cut by his direction, he

SIGHTED THE GUN HIMSELF,

and ordered it fired. The shot was an excellent one, the shell exploding immediately over the offensive cannon, disabling it and causing a grand stampede of the enemy from behind the haystack. A second shell thrown and exploded in the haystack set it on fire, caused the explosion of a caisson concealed behind it, and completed the rout of that battery and its supports. We were not troubled any more from that direction.

The enemy soon after left our front and, as we then supposed, retreated toward Richmond. Subsequent events proved our supposition erroneous. Their wily chief had fallen back, but only to Manassas, where he destroyed a large amount of Government stores, the need of which we afterwards sorely felt, particularly the commissary stores there burned. We found living on the country was not such a jolly thing in practice as theory had led us to believe. The country had already been too much lived on by the enemy, who left but little for our foragers. We shortly resumed our delayed march, our destination being, as we surmised, either the stone house beyond Gainesville or the stone bridge over Bull Run. Following the Rappahannock River we visited Warrenton Sulphur Springs, but found no host to give us welcome. The hotel buildings and the village were untenanted, generally broken down, and nearly in ruins. From there we moved toward Gainesville.

One day during this march the column halted to rest, bringing the 95th N. Y. opposite a large house located a hundred yards or more from the road. In front and on both sides of this house was cultivated ground, which the boys proceeded to investigate, and found it to be planted with onions and potatoes sufficiently ripened for the harvest, and which they rapidly began to gather in. They had been engaged in this agricultural pursuit but a short time when the owner came out and ordered them to evacuate the premises, which notice to leave having no effect, he sought to obtain enforcement through a more authoritative source. I happened to be such authority nearest his line of travel, and to me he appealed, claiming to be a Union man, and that the produce being rapidly gathered was his only store. I listened patiently, and reasoned the while that if his claim to loyalty was true, why had the enemy, so recently marching through that section, left the property intact, and this particular kind of property, of a non-combatant enemy?

I finally referred him to Gen. Doubleday, to whom I conducted him. The General, with his staff, was some distance in advance, busily scanning the surrounding country through his fieldglass. The loyal citizen stated his case and preferred the same request for a vacation of his premises. The General, with an occasional side glance at the harvesters, questioned the man as to his loyalty, and, seemingly satisfied as to his claim for protection on that ground, and that the boys had well and substantially carried out Gen. Pope's order to "live on the country," gave orders for them to cease operations, which were readily obeyed, the more so as nothing in the way of harvesting from that field was left to be done. The field in this short time looked as if rooted up by a drove of hogs. It is needless to say, however, that the potatoes and onions

WERE JUST AS NUTRITIOUS

as if purchased through the Commissary department, and as fully satisfied a "long felt want."

Aug. 27 we were near Gainesville, Gen. Sigel's force being in advance of us and nearer that place, and Gen. Reynolds following our line of march, with his left resting on or near a branch of Broad Run. Gen. Jackson was then at Manassas Junction destroying our stores, with Ewell advanced toward and near Bristoe Station, where he was fought and forced back by Gen. Hooker, and retreated with Jackson toward Centreville the night of the 27th. On the morning of the 28th the retreating enemy was followed up by the forces under Gens. Hooker, Reno, Kearney and Porter. Gen. Jackson managed to evade them all and placed his army north of Gainesville in position to join Gen. Longstreet, whose corps was marching to his aid by way of Thoroughfare Gap, which was being guarded by Gen. Ricketts's Division. The morning of the 28th our division moved south of Gainesville, with the troops of Reynolds and Sigel within long-supporting distance.

On the afternoon of the 28th we were marching leisurely along, totally unsuspicious of the vicinity of the enemy, when, about 4 o'clock, just as we emerged from the woods lining both sides of the road, we were startled by the near sound of cannon, followed shortly after by the hissing and screaming of a shell, which was but the forerunner of many others following in rapid succession. The head of our column was just turning a sharp bend in the road when this attack was made. The Second Brigade was on the right of the column, and the 95th N. Y. on the right of the brigade. Although thus taken by surprise and attacked in flank, the troops were as cool and collected as veterans of a hundred battles. The confusion of route step was quickly changed to the measure and cadence of quick step; files were closed, muskets firmly grasped, and disciplined order reigned in the ranks, which marched firmly forward. An order to "open ranks" was quickly obeyed, and between the ranks the artillery made its way, with the horses on a keen run, to an elevation some rods farther on. The 95th N. Y. double-quicked under orders to "support the battery and follow it wheresoever it went."

The division quickly formed line of battle to the right, and the whole line was soon hotly engaged. The Wisconsin Brigade, afterward famously known as the "Iron Brigade," joined ours on the left, and was under cover of a wood, the firing from which was rapid and continuous during the battle. Three several times the enemy charged obliquely from a woods nearly opposite, with the evident intention of turning our right, and as often were they driven back to the shelter of the timber by the rapid and destructive fire of our artillery and musketry. The artillery loaded with canister, and their firing was incessant and accurate, largely aiding in the several repulses. It was not until after darkness had set in that firing ceased, and both forces rested on their arms and bivouacked on the battlefield.

It was the first battle in which the soldiers of this division had been engaged, and their performance equalled the promise given by their coolness at the opening before mentioned. J. Esten Cooke, a participant in this engagement on the other side, and author of "Hammer and Rapier," in speaking of this battle, says:

Just as the thunder from Thoroughfare began to roar, Ewell threw forward his line and attacked with fury the Federal force in his front. It was King's Division, and made a splendid fight. Though assailed in flank they did not give way, nor did they flinch during the whole engagement. It was only at 9 o'clock at night, when the news of the abandonment of Thoroughfare probably reached Gen. King, that the Federal lines retired.

In part of this statement he is correct. It was King's Division, and

DID MAKE A GALLANT FIGHT

under just such circumstances. He is in error, however, as to the hour of our withdrawal, and, I think, as to the reason therefor. It was near 9 o'clock at night when the battle ceased, and by order of Lieut.-Col. Post, then in command of the 95th N. Y.—Col. Biddle being on the sick list, I reported to Gen. Doubleday for orders, and was told to hold the position we then occupied. A little later I received an order from Capt. E. P. Halstead, Assistant Adjutant-General, to take charge of the picket, and to place the line well forward, joining the picket-line of the brigade on our left, near the woods. On advancing with the detail toward the woods which had been pointed out to me, or which I thought was so pointed out, I became satisfied that either our forces on our left had been considerably advanced, or that I had misunderstood the direction, as when the firing ceased the enemy occupied the woods toward which we were then advancing.

I halted the picket and advanced to reconnoiter. I had gone but about half way between the woods and my command when I was brought to a sudden halt by an unmistakable "rebel" challenge. In reply to the "Who goes thar?" I replied as carelessly as I could, that I was "a friend without the countersign; a Surgeon looking after the wounded," which answer seemed to satisfy the sentinel, as I was allowed, slowly at first, and very rapidly afterward, to vacate so dangerous a vicinity. I did not breathe freely, however, until I was again with my command, the direction of which I hurriedly changed toward the other and more congenial woods, where we found the troops for which we were looking.

Our picket-line was formed well toward the center of the battlefield, in two lines, and in such a manner as to make it difficult for any one to pass through the two without being caught by one or the other. During the night a number of prisoners were captured, most of whom, on being questioned, claimed to be members of Ewell's Division of Jackson's Corps. One of them, I think Major of a Georgia regiment, made the statement that Jackson's whole Corps was in our front. Connecting this statement with the heavy musketry fire from the enemy during the battle, led me to believe his information true. Our force in round numbers was about 8,000, and if Jackson's Corps of from 25,000 to 30,000* was in our front, the commanding General should know it. Thus I reasoned, and the prisoner was conveyed to the headquarters of Gen. Doubleday, where, upon being questioned, he made the same statement, and was sent under guard to Gen. King's headquarters. I presume, from similar and other sources, Gen. King was made fully aware of his dangerous position. This prisoner was captured about 11 o'clock p. m. of the 28th, and between 1 and 2 o'clock the morning of the 29th we received orders to quietly

WITHDRAW TOWARD MANASSAS,

which order was promptly obeyed, and with such secrecy that the enemy were not aware of our retiring until dawn. Gen. King had called a council of war, at which it was voted by all the brigade commanders, except Gen. Doubleday, to fall back on Manassas. Gen. Doubleday, deeming the position a "key-point," and that sufficient forces were within supporting distance to enable us to hold it, voted to stay. Subsequent events proved the wisdom of his judgment.

We were not aware of the defeat of Gen. Ricketts's Division at Thoroughfare Gap until some time later, on the morning of the 29th. Thus it will be seen, that instead of withdrawing at 9 p. m. of the 28th, immediately after the battle ceased, and owing to our having learned of the defeat of our forces at Thoroughfare Gap, we did not withdraw until about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 29th, and then for the reason that it was deemed by all but one of the Generals attending the council, that we could not, so far from our supports, hope to again successfully cope with so large a force, whose numerical superiority might enable them to flank or surround us and capture or destroy the division before aid from our supports could reach us. At noon of the 29th we halted for rations and rest at the junction formed by a road leading toward Groveton. While resting here the head of Gen. Fitz-John Porter's Corps passed us, marching in the direction from which we had just come and on the same road. They were yet passing in that direction when we again moved on toward Groveton. Late in the afternoon we passed Gen. McDowell seated by the roadside, who, on returning our salute, said:

"Move your men along lively, Adjutant; the rebels are retreating, and you will have little more to do than take prisoners."

With this pleasing command I readily complied, repeating the order as I rode along the column urging the men forward. We were then within sound of the artillery firing of the enemy, a few spent projectiles from which reached our columns, but passed harmlessly overhead. Arriving at the base of the sloping hill on the summit of which our line of battle

*J. Esten Cooke states Gen. Jackson's force to have been about 20,000; but as he seems prone always in his statements of the numerical strength of the opposing forces to increase that of the Union and decrease that of the rebel army, we may safely add to his estimate of Jackson's strength in this instance at least 5,000. King's Division had present for duty that day 7,585, including 358 officers.

(Continued on 2d page.)

ABOUT THE BUCKTAILS.

The Famous Regiment of Pennsylvania Riflemen.

THE HARDY WOODSMEN.

Their Cool and Steady Conduct Under Fire.

UP THE SHENANDOAH.

Sketch of One of the Early Fights in the Valley.

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The question as to who recaptured De Gress's battery, or what troops first unfurled their flag over Columbia, will probably never be settled until the Recording Angel proclaims the secret to all the world. We do not presume that posterity will go into convulsions over the matter, yet it's a mighty interesting subject to the boys who were there and who know all about it, and it's amusing to the other boys who weren't there, and who know nothing about it. So, good Mr. Editor, don't be a clam, but tell us truly all about it. I shall not lose much whichever way it turns out, having hedged on my previous wagers every time I have read a new version of the affair.

In one of your recent issues was the following startling conundrum: "Who spilled the most gore?" and then, instead of giving it up or letting somebody else give it up, as Lew Dockstader, the famous "end man," would have done, the interlocutor wanders off into a dissertation on the losses sustained by some of the famous regiments of the war; but what that has to do with the amount of gore spilled by those regiments is one of those things that no fellow can find out. For instance, take the right wing of our army at Fredericksburg, when they were hurled in almost solid masses against the rebel intrenchments. As the enemy were shielded by stout breastworks, not even once having their position uncovered so as to be in pointblank range of our men, it would be ridiculous to suppose that the blood spilled by the Union troops was at all commensurate with the losses sustained by them.

If the point to be made was that no body of soldiers ever marched more heroically into the jaws of death than did our army on that disastrous day, then it would not be debatable, for even our most unfriendly critics were loud in their praises of the stubbornness with which the Yankee army contested the field; and yet the troops who faced the fortified lines on Marye's Hights inflicted slight damage on the enemy compared with the losses sustained by them.

At the battle of New Orleans "Old Hickory," fighting behind his crude breastworks, inflicted a loss of about 2,000 men, killed and wounded, on the British army, while Gen. Jackson's loss was only six killed and a very few wounded. Surely the British Regulars who fought at New Orleans could not crow much over the amount of gore spilled by them, yet they were good soldiers, and met their fate like brave men.

Now, I am going to do a very rash thing. I am going to file my answer to that gory conundrum by giving an opinion, based on what I saw and have read since the war, and that is that the old Pennsylvania Bucktails—13th Pa. Reserve Corps—spilled more gore than any other regiment in the United States service during the war. I know I am treading on the corns of a great many crack regiments, but I can't afford to let so momentous a question go thundering down the ages unheeded, and I opine that by the time it is definitely established who retook De Gress's battery and whose flag first kissed the Southern breeze at Columbia, my claim will be so well fortified that it will prove difficult to unsettle.

The celebrated Bucktail Regiment was made up from among the hunters, trappers, and lumbermen of the mountainous and heavy-timber districts of Pennsylvania. They were among the best and hardiest woodsmen in the world, and were probably the most effective skirmishers in the army. Their first lesson in life was with the rifle. In response to the President's call for volunteers, they assembled at Camp Curtin with their hunting rifles, but on account of the difference in caliber they soon exchanged their guns for Springfield rifles; these they soon exchanged for the breechloading Sharp's rifle, and again in the Summer of 1862 they exchanged their Sharp's rifles for Spencer rifles, which, in the hands of a cool, calculating marksman, was certainly a very destructive weapon, a fact that the famous "First Rifles of Pennsylvania" demonstrated on such fields as Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, South Mountain, Antietam, Second Bull Run, Charles City Cross-roads, Gainesville, Mechanicsville, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, etc.

On the 12th of June, 1861, the organization of the regiment was completed, and Thomas L. Kane—a brother of the famous Arctic explorer, Elisha Kent Kane—was elected Colonel; but anxious only for the best interest of the regiment and "the cause," and feeling that it required an experienced leader to command a regiment organized for special service, he modestly declined and requested Gen. Scott to select an officer from the Regular Army who was familiar with war experiences on the frontier, and who would be competent to drill and discipline this fine body of marksmen. Col. Charles J. Biddle was, upon the recommendation of Gen. Scott, chosen; Kane resigning the Colonelcy in Biddle's favor and accepting a position as Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. Col. Biddle remained in command of the regiment till December, 1861, when he resigned, and Kane, who had applied himself diligently to skirmish-tactics, took command. The proficiency of the regiment was due in a large measure to the discipline of Col. Biddle and to the drilling tactics of Lieut.-Col. Kane. In the Autumn of 1861 the writer frequently witnessed the regiment going through skirmish drill to the sound of the bugle. The earnestness with which the men entered into their work, added to their well known skill with their rifles, made it evident that they would render a good account of themselves whenever opportunity offered.

In the Spring of 1862 Lieut.-Col. Kane, with four companies of the Bucktails, was ordered to accompany the cavalry on an expedition into the Shenandoah Valley, (being the advance of Shields's Division,) to try and intercept Stonewall Jackson. In 12 days, without tents or blankets or subsistence, except such as they foraged, after having consumed the rations which they started with in their haversacks, they made a forced march of over 400 miles. They were the only infantry that kept up with the cavalry. On June 6, '62, the 1st N. J. Cav. ran into an ambuscade at Harrisonburg, Va., and was badly used up, its Colonel (Wyndham) being captured in the melee. The Bucktails were at once hurried forward to develop the enemy's line, reported to be advancing in strong force. Col. Kane darted into the woods with 105 men at his back, and at once felt the Southerners, who were advancing under the immediate command of Gen. Geo. H. Stewart, their brigade commander, and under the personal direction of Gens. Ewing and Ashby.

The 58th and 44th Va. and 1st Md. (rebel) were soon engaged in a deadly contest with the Bucktails. "The lay o' the land" was well adapted to the peculiar tactics of the riflemen, who gave their erring brethren such a withering reception that they fell back in considerable disorder. Again the Confederates advanced to the attack, the noted Ashby and Stewart both urging their men forward. Kane, being wounded, directed his men to prop him against a tree, from which position he gave his orders. The rebel line recoiled again before the unerring aim of the Pennsylvania riflemen, who brought down a man nearly every shot, and for a time the field seemed lost to the Confederates; but they had by this time discovered that the little handful of troops they were contending with seemed to be "going it alone," and were not only *not* receiving any re-enforcements, but their numbers were growing less under the crushing fire of musketry from the overwhelming force against which they were so valiantly striving.

Gens. Stewart and Ashby, placing themselves at the head of the attacking force, and calling on their men to follow, made another dash at the thin blue line. The Bucktails fought like demons—their deadly rifles doing fearful execution. Kane is again wounded; still, he directs the fight. His men nearly surrounded, fight on; from behind every rock and tree, like a venomous cat, a rifle spits the unerring bullet that goes straight to its mark. Even the wounded Bucktails use their rifles with deadly effect. The hot blood of the Southerners is at fever-heat; they only see flashes of fire and puffs of smoke to shoot at, the breech-loading guns of the Pennsylvanians allowing them to keep so close to cover that the Southerners see only the deadly effect of their rifles; and so rapid is the fire of the Bucktails when the rebels press them close, they seem as if by magic to have trebled their numbers.

Gen. Ashby, scorning to ask men to go where he is afraid to lead, places himself in the very front rank, and calling on his men to follow, meets his death at the head of the command by the rifle of one of the wounded and dying Bucktails, who, by a supreme effort, raises his rifle, shoots the rebel chief, and then falls back dead. In the death of Gen. Ashby the Confederates lost one of their ablest Generals. By this time the Bucktails find themselves in the liveliest kind of a hornets' nest, the enemy being in overwhelming force on both flanks as well as in front. Under orders from Col. Kane to scatter, they retreat, leaving 50 (out of 106) of their men on the ground, including their gallant commander, Col. Kane, and Capt. Fred. Taylor. The latter was a brother of Bayard Taylor, traveler and author.

The Confederate loss in this sanguinary contest was over 500 men in killed and wounded, who fell before the rifles of the gallant Bucktails. The death of Gen. Ashby was a great loss to the Confederacy, and was sincerely mourned by the Army of Northern Virginia. For his gallantry Lieut.-Col. Kane was commissioned a Brigadier-General, and afterward took command of a brigade in the Twelfth Corps. Capt. Fred. Taylor, after the death of Col. Hugh McNeil, at the head of the Bucktail regiment at Antietam, was promoted to the Colonelcy of the regiment, and he, too, died at the head of the regiment in that whirlpool of death—Gettysburg.

Now, I am going to "rest my case" on this one contest by only four companies of the regiment until my claim is disputed. The brave riflemen could well afford to not count this engagement at all, and still compete (with a good chance of winning) for first place among regiments who immortalized themselves during the war; and yet, if they had never fought another battle, their record made on this occasion would have been glory enough. Wherever the Army of the Potomac went the crack of the Bucktails' rifles could be heard making a road for other troops to follow. I am ready to admit that they had better weapons than most regiments in the service, but a clumsy rifle in the hands of a skilled marksman is more effective than the most approved rifle in the hands of an unskillful marksman. The Bucktails were qualified, off-hand marksmen before the war; their drilling and discipline, of course, added materially to their effectiveness. They seemed to thoroughly understand the value of close, careful, low shooting; and the aiming of their rifles, along whose barrels their quick, trained glance sighted an object, was almost sure to count.

"GREAT SHAKES."

The President Takes the Hands of 7,000 Fellow-Citizens.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The Compliments of the Season to the Administration.

BEAUTY AND BUTTONS.

A Brilliant Civil and Military Display.

In these days everybody consults the soothsayers of the Signal Service before any event into the success of which the weather enters as a prime factor. So there were glad hearts and smiling faces in Washington when it was known on Thursday that Gen. Hazen had bulletined pleasant weather for New Year's Day. Ladies, young and old, made all needful preparations for the morrow's toilet; and beaux of all ages brushed up their dress suits—the conventional claw-hammer coat and broad expanse of shirt front. If a man didn't have such a suit of his own he went to a tailor and rented one. In fact, society generally prepared to put on its "best bib and tucker" and have a field day. The cab owners and livery men, in anticipation of the harvest, rigged up everything that would go on wheels. By Thursday night all the decent looking vehicles—and a good many shabby ones—were engaged, at prices that excited the envy of all the plumbers in town.

The predictions were more than verified. The sun rose upon a cloudless sky, and the day was a perfect one. Long before 11 o'clock a multitude of people, representing all classes and conditions, had gathered in front of the White House grounds, and pleaded earnestly but in vain with the burly policemen who were stationed at the gates for admittance. Soon after half-past 10 carriages arrived with the Cabinet ladies who were to assist the President in receiving. The Marine Band, with 40 pieces, occupied its usual place in the large vestibule. The rooms opened to the guests were elaborately and beautifully decorated. Potted plants and growing flowers in gilded or silvered baskets covered the shelves and mantels, while the nooks and corners were filled with palms and other tropical plants. The great chandeliers were tastefully twined with smilax. The curtains and shutters of the East Room were thrown open, letting in a flood of sunlight. All the interior rooms were lighted by gas.

It was exactly 11 o'clock when the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the eyes of all within were cast toward the broad stairway to catch a glimpse of

THE DISTINGUISHED PARTY

descending from the dressing rooms above. Mrs. Bayard leaned upon the arm of the President, and Secretary Bayard escorted Miss Cleveland. They were followed by Secretaries Manning and Whitney and Postmaster-General Vilas, with their wives. Two of the Misses Bayard, with their escorts, brought up the rear. Col. Wilson, Marshal of the District, in gorgeous military uniform, preceded the party to the Blue Room. The President immediately took his position, with Miss Cleveland at his right, and Mesdames Bayard, Manning, Whitney and Vilas, standing in the order named. Ill health prevented the presence of Mrs. Endicott. Behind them were a number of other ladies who had been invited to grace the occasion. The beauty of the ladies, arrayed in elegant and costly apparel and bedecked with brilliants of every hue, was enought to tempt the correspondents, and plenty of them were there with freshly sharpened pencils. But when a gifted local reporter says that "Mrs. Smith's dress was rich in golden and iridescent gleams," and that "Mrs. Brown wore an exquisite toilet of black velvet, with jupon of silver-gray brocaded in black, and *looked like a study of twilight and moonlight*," the ordinary plodding journalist stands aghast. So it is not the writer's purpose to discourse of "cerulean blue surah," and "jabots of lace," and "flounces shot with silver trimming," and "crushed strawberries," and things "cut bias."

The members of the Diplomatic Corps were first presented to the President and the Cabinet ladies, each being introduced by Secretary Bayard. The foreign embassies were out in full force, the chiefs being accompanied by the attaches of the various legations and many ladies. These representatives of all the nations in the civilized world presented

A STRIKING APPEARANCE,

in the picturesque variety of their dress. There was Tewfik Pasha, of Turkey, with his red fez and black tassel; Cheng Tsao Ju and three or four others from China, with their loose, flowing garments and long cues hanging down their backs; representatives of the monarchies of Europe in full military array, with hues of blue and yellow and white and scarlet, some with helmet hats and plumes, and all with side-arms and a dazzling display of gilt and brass and decorations of honor. Most of the foreign ladies were very richly attired and adorned with jewels.

Next came the nine Justices of the Supreme Court, solemn and bald, and the Judges of the various other courts. They were followed by Senators and Representatives. Congress was not largely represented, however, most of the Members being still absent. There were not more than 50 or 60 from both Houses. Most of them were accompanied by their wives or other ladies, and after being presented to the President had a grand promenade in the East Room, until compelled to give way to others.

Then came about 300 officers of the Army and Navy, and for a time it looked as though